

THE MEREDITH EAGLE

VOL. 1.

MEREDITH, N. H., FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1880.

NO. 17.

The Meredith Eagle.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO GENERAL AND LOCAL NEWS.

Published Weekly by
S. H. ROHE, Editor and Proprietor,
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HOUSEKEEPER'S CORNER.

"Tonic glycerine" consists of 1,300 grammes of pure glycerine, 30 drops of tincture of iodine, and 30 centigrammes of iodide of potassium. It is a good substitute for cod-liver oil, and the dose is a tablespoonful a quarter of an hour before each meal.

For tomato butter use sixteen pounds of nice tomatoes, a quart of vinegar, and eight pounds of sugar. Boil altogether until thick. When half done add two large spoonfuls of cinnamon, one of ground mace, and a teaspoonful of cloves or allspice.

To make cucumber catsup. Grate three dozen large cucumbers and twelve white onions; put three handfuls of salt over them. They must be prepared the day beforehand, and in the morning lay them to drain; soak a cupful and a half of mustard seed, drain it and add to the cucumbers, with two spoonfuls of vinegar; put them in a jar, cover with pepper, and cork tight; keep in a dry place.

Peaches, pears, and plums, also green tomatoes, and cucumbers, may be kept perfectly by packing them in fine salt, in stone jars, allowing them to make their own brine. They must be kept covered with salt until the brine made by the salt and extracted juice covers them; then kept under this brine till wanted for use, when they must be soaked in several waters until fresh enough to put into vinegar.

Savory beef: Three and one-half pounds beefsteak chopped fine; three eggs, twenty crackers rolled; four tablespoonfuls sweet cream, a small piece of butter; salt and pepper to taste; add a little nutmeg. Thin with milk until about the consistency of biscuit; put in a buttered tin and bake an hour and a half. Let stand until cold and slice for tea.

Mont of any kind, chicken, prairie fowl or pigeons, may be pot roasted. Slice an onion and a few slices of pork, and put into the bottom of a kettle. Place on top whatever meat is to be cooked; add just water enough to stew it. Be careful not to use too much water; it can be easily added if it cooks away; but it spoils the dish to be obliged to take out any. Keep turning the meat, and let it stew or roast slowly till brown or tender, then take out the meat, strain and thicken the gravy, pour over the meat and serve hot.

Kansas school-teacher: "Where does our grain go to?" "Into the hopper." "What hopper?" "Grasshopper," triumphantly shouted the small boy.

An Alarm.

I heard de alarm 'm number one box, Lilets, sianahs, lilets!
Hark how carnish de angel knocks,
De fire is hot an' hisin'!

Angel's tappin' on de conscience bell,
Heah it, heah it bangin',
Heah de great big fire dey's labin' in hell,
Dut's why de 'arm bell's clangin'!

A fire dat de ingines nebbet get around,
Sinnah brillin', fyin'—
Whar de buhook 'ting'shere can't be found,
An' de dia' no use o' tryin'!

Flames is a burnin' up higher an' higher—
Surprisin', oh surprisin',
You has an de flames in still a-risin',
An' de flames is still a-risin'!

Jump when you heah dat warnin' chime;
Jump up, alseah, jump up!
De your do in a berry quick time!
Now is de time to jump up.

ASSURANCE.

"Where is Sue?" inquired Mrs. Mellington, entering the room where her two eldest daughters were employed, the one in reading, the other with a bit of fancy work.

"I really don't know, mamma," answered Ada, looking up from her work. "I have had scarcely a glimpse of Sue since we came to the country. She appears to have taken to an outdoor life, and is never in the house except at night."

"I saw her about two hours ago on her way to the orchard," remarked Rose. "She said she was going to feed the pigs, and would afterward take a lesson in milking."

"I wish I could find her," enquired Mrs. Mellington. "I am certain that either Col. Hanley or his son will call this afternoon, and it is proper that Sue should be present. She did not appear on their former visits."

"She will shock the colonel by her boyish manners, and, as to his son, I hardly think he will particularly admire her. He doesn't fancy female society here, and he doesn't like dogs and horses, and wasn't he a little wild at college, mamma?"

"A little too fond of what is called fun—nothing more than I have ever heard. He is a clever young man, will be very wealthy, and is, next to his father, the best match in his neighborhood, though, as you say, he doesn't appear to care particularly for ladies' society. I fancy he looked rather bored while talking to that stately Miss Radstock, clever and handsome as she is. And then he must know that all the girls are trying to secure him, which naturally makes him shy of them."

These remarks were clearly intended as hints to her daughter, for Mrs. Mellington was a genuine match-maker, and had already married off two daughters advantageously.

Finding that the remaining eldest daughter had failed to make the desired impression on either Col. Hanley or his son, she had bethought herself of producing Sue, hitherto, as the youngest and prettiest, carefully kept in the background.

But, meanwhile, where was Sue? She had filled a basket with apples for the pigs, strolled around the orchard, admired the trees and the fruit, and climbed a low plum tree, in order to gather an especially fine one for her father. In this position her eye was caught by a low line of green willows, bordering the sloping meadows beyond the orchard.

"It looks as though a stream were there," she thought, "and I do so love water. I dare say it is lovely under those willows. Come, Rolla," calling to a little half-grown terrier, "you and I will go on an exploring expedition to-day."

Rolla, after coaxing, rather sulkily obeyed. He was an ugly little, crooked-legged, hairy-muzzled pup, which Sue had, on her arrival at the farm, begged of the farmer for a pet. Yet Rolla, despite all the petting, did not take to his pretty young mistress, but persisted in evincing a decided preference for the barn and kitchen, and low life in general.

Sue was not disappointed in her expectations. She found a clear shallow stream, which ran rippling and murmuring pleasantly beneath the willows, beneath thickets of wild rose and blossoming elder. A stray sun beam glinted on her rippling brown hair, and the eyes that looked up through the waving foliage were as deeply blue and clear as the summer sky overhead. Pity that there was no stray artist to gaze upon the picture.

Suddenly she woke to the fact that Rolla had disappeared. He had been smelling about the bushes, and had now stolen off on the track of some scent, perceptible only to his own keen olfactory.

Sue lifted up her voice, and called in her sweet, clear, girlish tones: "Rolla! Rolla!"

In answer there was presently a rustling amid the elder bushes, and forth stepped, not the culprit Rolla, but a very handsome young man, equipped with a gun and game bag.

Sue sprang up. Each started for an instant at the other; then the gentleman, gracefully lifting his hat, said: "May I inquire Miss Sue, what you want with me?"

"Want with you?" responded she, in surprise.

"Yes; I was crossing the field yonder, when I heard you call me," he replied,

with a slightly demure expression about his mouth and eyes.

"I called you?" said Sue, indignantly. "Yes; you called 'Rolla' very distinctly and earnestly, 'and I, of course, obeyed the summons, and am at your service. My name is Roland, or Rolla, as I am familiarly called."

She surveyed him from head to foot. "Oh," said she, coolly, "it was a mistake on your part. It was not you but the other puppy I was calling. His name is also Rolla."

"Indeed! where is he?" inquired the gentleman, looking around with a great expression of interest.

"He has run away from me." "I wonder at him. In fact, I really don't see how he could have done it," said he, looking at Sue, and slowly revolving his mustache.

She drew herself up with a great assumption of dignity.

"If you will try, sir, you will find how it can be done," said she, loftily.

"And if I don't want to try?" "Then the other puppy must make you. Here he is, just in time. Here, Rolla, good dog; hi at him, sir!"

And Sue clapped her white hands together, and tried to whistle, as she had seen her papa do, to the great amusement of the gentleman.

But, instead of gallantly rushing to the attack at command of his mistress, Rolla frisked up to the stranger with extravagant demonstrations of delight.

"O he knows you," said Sue, contemptuously, "and so you didn't run." "Yes; Rolla knows his friends. In fact, he's my namesake—an honor conferred upon me by the admiring partiality of former Haves."

"He belongs to me now, and I mean to change his name," said Sue, positively.

"Pray don't. You have no idea how musically it sounded across the field. I fancied some wood nymph—or dryad—was calling me. Belongs to you now, does he? Happy dog!"

And he stooped and patted Rolla's head.

She turned sharply. "Are you going away, sir, or shall I?" she demanded.

"Oh, I would not for the world intrude upon you! And I beg you to remember that I came only because I fancied you were calling me, having probably seen me passing. I saw you from the bank above. Pray excuse the mistake, and allow me to wish you a good evening."

And, with a courteous bow, he disappeared among the bushes.

She stood looking indignantly after him until he disappeared.

"The impudent puppy!" she murmured; "I never heard of any such assurance."

And then a slow smile rippled over her face, which she remorselessly checked by biting the corner of her under lip.

"Come, Rolla," she called in a subdued voice, "come, sir, and go home; and see how you get me into scrapes again."

She climbed the bank into the meadow, the dog following with a subdued and culpable-like bark. But suddenly he gave a short, sharp bark, and at the same moment another and stranger sound, smote upon Sue's ear. It was a low, hoarse, sobbing murmur, which seemed to swell into an angry roar.

"If I were in Africa I should fancy that a lion's roar!" thought Sue, curiously looking around.

In an instant her cheek became deeply pale, and she stood breathless and transfixed, as a huge animal, with lowered head and eyes gleaming through shaggy forelocks, emerged from a thicket at some distance, and came slowly toward her, tearing up the earth with hoofs and horns.

Rolla, after a burst of obstreperous barking, turned, and indignantly fled. She strove in vain to follow his example. Her limbs felt paralyzed, and she turned faint and sick.

The bull came slowly onward, now lowering his head, then uplifting it, and staring fiercely and threateningly at the figure in the center of the field.

Suddenly a voice shouted: "Don't be afraid! Throw away your red shawl! Now run—run to the nearest fence—while I keep him off!"

The assurance of help at hand inspired her. She tore off the light saphy shawl, which had attracted the attention of the bull, and ran as fast as her trembling limbs would carry her.

How she got over the fence she never knew. Indeed, she knew nothing distinctly until the gentleman whom she had characterized as an "impudent puppy," lightly leaping the fence, threw himself, rather breathless and heated on the ground near where she had sunk the moment she had found herself in safety.

"Oh," said Sue half sobbing, "I am so glad you came! What awful creature would have killed me!"

"I fortunately heard his bellowing, and remembering you, came just in time to keep him off."

"Weren't you afraid?" "Oh, no! I used when a boy to bait these animals for my own amusement. But you see I can be of more use to you than 'the other puppy.' Where is he?"

"Gone. Deserted me in the hour of need," she replied, smiling faintly, as she dried her tears. "But I've had enough of him. I'll give him away and get a better and bigger dog to accompany me on my walks, if they are to be as dangerous as this one."

"Am I big enough?" inquired the gentleman. "I'll take the very best care of you."

"Oh, I don't know you yet, you see. I will ask papa," she answered demurely.

"Certainly—by all means ask papa!" said he, eagerly.

She blushed, with a strong inclination to smile, which she repressed, as beneath her dignity.

"I am going home now," she said rising.

"Won't you permit me to see you safe? There may be more cattle around, to say nothing of snakes and owls."

"Well, I think you may come, though we are near home now. I can see papa sitting on the veranda, reading; and there, in the orchard, is my basket of apples, which I gathered for the pigs. If you won't mind, I'll fetch them now, and carry the basket back."

"I'll enjoy it of all things," he asserted.

Lifting the basket he carried it for her to the sty, where she amused herself with tossing the fruit, one by one, to the eager, pushing crowd within.

"So you take an interest in those poetic animals?" remarked her companion, as he stood curiously looking on.

"I feel sorry for them, they are so ugly and dirty. Nature seems to have treated them unjustly, poor things, in making them so inferior to other animals. But then, the little ones, with their pink noses and funny eyes, do look so chubby and innocent."

"They remind me of a picture I saw lately—Circe, surrounded by a herd of swine, into which she had transformed her admirers, and would never have imagined how much expression there was in the way that they wriggled and groveled at her feet."

"I see that picture now, at least something like it," the gentleman remarked, looking from Sue to the pigs.

And again Sue repeated to herself, "What an impudent puppy!" as she dropped more apples into the sty.

And this was the spectacle which greeted the horrified gaze of Mrs. Mellington as she stepped on the veranda, where her husband was reading, and looked across the lawn to the orchard. The tea table was ready, and she was expecting Sue.

"Mercy on me!" she gasped. "Why Mr. Mellington, only look! There is actually Sue, with Colonel Hanley's son, feeding the pigs!"

Mr. Mellington chuckled.

"Well, my dear, I don't see the harm of it, if it's like this. Though where she could have picked him up I can't imagine."

Meanwhile, Sue and her companion leisurely crossed the orchard and the lawn.

"Now, I'll introduce you to papa," she said. "Only I don't know your name."

"Oh, perhaps he knows it, and will introduce me to you. Meanwhile, call me anything you like."

So Sue walked straight up to her father, and, putting her hand on his shoulder, said:

"Papa, I've had an awful fright. I was chased by a raging bull, and my puppy, Rolla, ran away from me, and another, with the very same name, saved me; so I've brought him home with me," nodding in an introductory manner toward the guest.

"Eh?" said papa, looking up; and, catching the expression of the two faces before him, he fell into the humor, and, as he rose, said, with a wave of his hand toward the waiting tea table. "Very well, my dear, we'll feed him."

So Mr. Rolland Hanley sat down to the table with the family, and with an utter absence of that unpleasant restraint which Mrs. Mellington had remarked in his intercourse with Miss Radstock; and despite her vexation at Sue, the meal passed off agreeably.

Of course this was not Mr. Hanley's last visit to the Mellingtons—of course there were frequent calls, with walks and rides, in all of which he fulfilled his promise of taking the very best care of Sue, and when, at length, he asked the privilege of taking care of her through life, she did not say to him nay.

Magnificent Uniforms

WORN BY OUR FRENCH ALLIES DURING THE REVOLUTION.

The "Hussards de Lauzun" constituted the Sixth Royal (French) regiment of cavalry. The chief color of the dress proper, hat, long jacket, and breeches was sky-blue, very richly laced, corded and trimmed with gold or yellow.

The foraging coat with its tassels, collar and cuffs were white. The dolman was also white, trimmed and lined with dark or black fur and richly corded. Instead of a plume proper, a very graceful aigrette, or tuft rose from the throat, tapering shako.

The boots, something like those styled "Wellingtons," fitted tightly to the leg and came up half way to the knee over the breeches. They were edged with gold or yellow lace, with pendant tassels of the same color in front.

The snail and sabatash were crimson; the one barred, the other edged with white, and the latter, moreover, was richly embroidered in sky-blue. The sabatash was one of those heavy weapons, with polished steel scabbard, which continued in use late into the present century, and was used by our light dragons on the Niagara frontier in the war of 1812-15.

The uniform of the Lauzun Hussars was retained with very few changes in the French army down to the reign of Louis Napoleon.

SEA-SHORE DRIFTING.

Subscriptions have been started at Newport for a life-guard service on the bathing beach.

Nantasket Beach, Boston's Coney Island, is a success of the most brilliant and pronounced kind.—*N. F. Mail.*

The Sunday law is to be enforced at Rockaway Beach. Every place of amusement and the barrooms will be shut up.

On some of the Coney Island steamers recently the crowds were so great that their guards were frequently under water and the passengers seized and put on life preservers.

Capt. Sarsfield, the deaf mute through whose timely service more than one drowning accident has been prevented at Long Branch, N. J. is about going to Ocean Grove, where he will start a life-saving guard.

A new railroad route from Locust Grove, near Bay Ridge, to Brighton Beach, Coney Island, has been built to connect with steamers from New York City. The line is established by Boston capitalists.

Sharks for some unknown reason are plentiful this year along the entire Atlantic coast. The largest one ever found in the Potomac has been caught near Washington. A school several miles square was recently seen off Sandy Hook, and a small boat was attacked by them.

Cape May, N. J., is run on an economical plan, the mayor only receives \$300 a year, city councilmen serve without pay, and there are but seven policemen paid at the rate of \$1.50 a day, who are also obliged to light and extinguish the lamps.

An animated target is the invention of an Atlantic City showman. For the small sum of five cents people have the privilege of throwing three rubber balls at the head of a negro that is seen protruding through a canvas. This form of amusement is said to be immensely popular among excursionists.

It is now proposed to make a first-class sea-side resort at Point Pleasant, N. J., ten miles below Long Branch, and to which place the Central Railroad of New Jersey has just been extended. Two large and handsome hotels are to be built in time for next year's season and the locality made very attractive.

Charles Beach, an "aquarist artist," whose power of staying long under water puzzles the physicians, who pronounce his lungs like other men's, is diving from a scaffolding 100 feet high into the sea at Nantasket. The feat is dangerous because of the body's tendency to whirl in the air, and because he may lose his breath before plunging into the water. The authorities forbade his trying a similar jump last year.

Long Branch may be said to be the paradise of pretty women, and several wealthy Englishmen and foreign counts there are bewildered at the display of female loveliness. There is a charm, too, in the deep diapason of the rolling thunder of the waves that dash against the shore only to be broken into spray. A number of southerners visiting there, have brought their carriages and horses with them.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Great Point on Nantucket has hitherto been famous only for the fishing off its "rip," its light-house and the two or three fishermen's huts which a ravenous party last summer christened "Lobster-ville," after eating enormously of that crustacean. A New York man has, however, now bought several acres on the point, and will build a large hotel there. It commands a magnificent view of the Sound, but it is so far away from town that a pier will have to be built.

For some time past residents of Ocean Spray, Mass., have noted the presence of gas when sinking wells for drinking water, and recently Mr. Jessop, one of the residents, conceived the idea of boring a greater depth than has been done before. He accordingly commenced operations, and when at the depth of eighty feet, there was a sudden fall of the boring machine of some six feet, and gas in considerable quantity came to the surface. One morning the gas was burning at a height of three feet, and appearances indicated that the supply was inexhaustible.

Good-bye Mister!

It is with deep regret we announce the departure from our midst of good, honest, old-fashioned "Mr."

He's nearly all gone now. Once in a while you may see him; but very seldom.

He doesn't amount to much any more. He's got to be too common; also too honest.

As the old-fashioned and comparatively honest rat was superseded by the high-toned and mischievous Norway, so is "Mr." now superseded by "Col."

We meet "Mr." very seldom on the streets now; and in only tolerably high-toned assemblies can we find him at all. But there you will see "Col." all the time; and he's prouder than a peacock that hasn't seen his feet for five minutes. "Col." is.

The vain gent'leman having beaten out old Mr., "Mr." is now engaged in a conflict of the bloodless sword kind with "Hon.," who is a great society personage, also, whether he's honorable or dishonorable.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Ladies who have gray hair do not conceal it with any disguise whatever, eschewing not only dyes, but lace head-dresses and caps, except the muslin caps worn in the morning.

A Chinese Doctor.

HOW THE OPTIMUM HABIT IS CURED.

Recently, Dr. Joe Bak San, a Chinese physician and surgeon, established himself in New York, and as is usual on the advent of a distinguished stranger, a reporter "interviewed" him. The results are these:—

Half way up the stairs leading to his office the reporter met the doctor, who had just come from a game of dominoes with some of his countrymen. He was a Chinaman, rather dark, of fair size and flesh and amiable exterior. He conducted the reporter to his office, smiling all the time in a pleasant way. Then he began to interview the interviewer in a vigorous manner. After the reporter had exhausted his knowledge of geography and statistics, he, in turn, ventured to question the doctor. "Chinese man, get sick," said the doctor; "lie go to Melligan doctor. Melligan doctor he give Chinese man medicine; no good; charge Chinese man five dollar. Me no charge him so much." Dr. San came from San Francisco about four weeks ago. He was born and raised in China, and his grandfather and his father were physicians before him. When he was a boy they took him to see the sick and taught him the uses of medicines by their personal instruction. Medical knowledge in China was derived from books also. He showed the reporter his medical library of works printed in the Chinese language. They comprise forty volumes, beautifully printed on the well-known Chinese paper. All the books were of the same size, each being about four inches wide by six inches long and half an inch thick. Ten volumes were on the properties and uses of medicines known to the Chinese pharmacy, and constituted a dispensary. If any skeptical or inquisitive Chinese patient doubted the efficacy of the medicine he had been taking, his physician had simply to show him the book. If the cure was there, that satisfactorily settled the man's doubts. The reporter asked, if Chinese physicians ever cut off limbs. The doctor replied with considerable warmth that only American doctors did that; Chinese doctors, on the contrary, usually saved injured limbs. Asked if Chinese surgeons ever used the knife, he said "Never!" On one side of the office stood a counter, and on the counter stood an iron mortar and pestle. Besides these, there were some 200 large packages of medicines labeled with large Chinese characters, and inclosed in light brown papers instead of bottles. These were piled on some shelves back of the counter. They were all Chinese medicines. The doctor took down several packages and opened them. They contained different dried plants. One had rhubarb. "Do many of the Chinese in New York use opium?" he was asked. "Neely allee Chinese man in New York use opium," was the reply. "Opium hurt Chinese man. Chinese man drop over; so no touch anything; his hand tremble too much; he no good. Me no smoke opium." "Can you cure a Chinaman of the habit of using opium?" "Yes"—after a pause—"me cure him if he believe me. Me lockee him up in this room, give him plenty to eat, give him so much opium to-day, give him so much to-morrow." As he said these words he broke off a match, and continued breaking it off into smaller and smaller pieces, and laid the pieces along in a row, indicating thereby a quantity decreasing each day. "Bly and bly," said the physician, "me no givee him opium at all. Him cured."

The Useful Spider.

HOW THE EMBROIDERED WORMS ARE DESTROYED.

While walking in a beautiful garden, an exclamation from my companion attracted my attention to a beautiful rose-bush, which, on account of its bright and fragrant petals, had become a favorite.

As the expression was not one of pleasure, I inquired the cause, and found that a huge black spider had woven a web among its branches, obscuring many of the prettiest blossoms.

The intruder paused from his labor and scrutinized us carefully until he became convinced of our friendly intentions, and then resumed his labor. He had completed the web which was to serve as his residence, and was then at work on an accessory one at one edge, which was much finer, and almost transparent. One side was attached to the main part, and the opposite extremity to a slender twig. We watched him till this work was finished, when he changed his modus operandi.

After trying all the ropes and stay-lines and finding them secure, he stationed himself at the outer extremity and seemed to be waiting for some expected visitor. Soon an ugly brown moth appeared and darted directly toward a branch behind the web. He would soon have reached the point, even with the opposition offered by the spider's trap, but he had scarcely touched the delicate threads when the spider by a dextrous movement swung the net around him, and with a few cords spun for the occasion bound him securely and made him a sacrifice to a voracious appetite. Upon examining the bush the moth was approaching we found many little white eggs deposited which would have eventually developed into myriads of unattractive worms to feed upon the delicate foliage of the plant. We did not destroy the spider, but left him to fulfill his mission as a protector and then to satisfy the appetite of some spider-loving insect, or bird or animal.—*Es.*

FASHION'S CHANGES.

Fancy writing inks are out of style. Side combs of shell are used again. Tea rose and corn-colored gloves are fashionable. Ropes of artificial flowers are used to loop curtains.

Special gloves of elastic silk are made to wear with the Jersey.

Buttons on boots worn with fancy costumes match those on the suit.

Collars of velvet, embroidered with gold, are in favor with elegant toilettes abroad.

Foulard wrappers made up without lining are the coolest possible gowns for morning wear.

For morning saques there is nothing more becoming to all styles than Veronese green Sarah.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1880.

MEREDITH MATTERS.

Lang's block is being painted.

Dr. Pease is located in Bradford, N. H.

Mrs. L. Hartshorn is suffering from a bilious turn and fever.

J. R. Quimby has made another addition to his jewelry business.

Mr. E. F. Roberts, of Boston, has been visiting friends in this vicinity.

J. I. Prescott has been painting and papering the interior of his block.

Mr. J. P. F. Smith has moved into the house formerly occupied by W. M. Rand.

More copies of the Daily Union have recently been added as the demand has increased.

A complete stock of ladies' underwear may be found at Mrs. S. J. Brown's millinery store.

Any person wanting a good large safe, can obtain one cheap by calling on Joseph W. Lang.

The grocery and dry goods stores will hereafter be closed at 7 o'clock on Wednesday evenings.

Mr. A. C. Stewart has our thanks for a copy of the Gilroy Advocate published at Gilroy, Santa Clara Co., Cal.

Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the Civil War, in 30 parts, price 25 cents per part, for sale at this office.

The following officers of Wankewau Lodge, No. 9, I. O. G. T., were installed by deputy. Tuesday evening: W. C. T. at the Post, W. V. T. at the Cox, W. S. at the Carrie E. Forsyth, W. F. S. at the Edwin Cox, W. T. at the Lina Towle, W. M. C. H. Perkins, W. D. M. Emma Cox, W. A. S. S. H. Robley, W. L. G. Emma M. Avery, W. O. G. Fred Plafsted, W. C. Mrs. S. W. Rollins, W. R. S. Mrs. Hanson Beede, W. L. S. Mrs. J. H. Lang.

The old adage of a stitch in time saves nine, would have been exemplified if those farmers who turned up ground on their farm on the cross road near the Wickwas lake or Nigger pond had killed the potato bugs. As it was, they did not do it, and not only their own crop of potatoes were destroyed but that of their neighbors. There may not be a law compelling a man to take care of his own, but he certainly should be compelled to destroy insects on his ground which are liable to injure and destroy his neighbors' crops.

A SUFFERER.

The following is what our Laconia correspondent says:—One of the most successful concerts ever given in this village took place Friday evening, Aug. 7, under the management of Mr. J. L. Emmons, Mrs. Martha Davis Shepard, pianist; Miss Gertrude Saxton, soprano; Miss Lina Towle, violinist; Mr. Colby, cornetist, and the Winnipegaukee Quartette took part in the programme. Miss Towle is fully qualified for any position as an elocutionist she may assume to fill, and Meredith may well be proud of her. Mr. Colby received a well merited encore and will always be welcomed here.

Miss Annie Jones died at the house of Geo. S. Roberts last Saturday, after a brief illness, aged 16 years. She was a young lady highly respected by all her associates, and this sad event falls heavily upon her mother and only brother, who survives her and resides in Alton. They have the sympathy of their many friends in this sudden bereavement. As a testimonial of respect, the sum of \$42.85 was raised in Hodgson's mill where she deceased was employed. Others also contributed, making over \$50 which was presented to Mrs. Jones. Brief services were held Monday evening, by Rev. G. I. Bard assisted by Rev. J. Erskine, and the remains were taken to Alton Tuesday for interment.

The Market Price of Butter

is increased 5 to 6 cents a pound by using Gilt-Edge Butter Maker in churning—increases production 40 to 60 per cent. Reduces time of churning one-half. Keeps butter from becoming rancid or moldy. Has been used for the year round. Sold by druggists, grocers and general store keepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address: Butler Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

We have much pleasure in recommending Thermanine to our readers, as an absolute cure for Malaria. The manufacturer's name alone is a guarantee of its merit. It sells at 25 cents per box. For particulars see Advt. For sale by G. S. Bartlett, Plymouth.

Grandmother Says!

When she was a girl that her mother always gave her sulphur and molasses to purify her blood, but she now gives Sulphur Bitters to her grandchildren as it is the best medicine she ever saw.

—The Father.

Malt Bitters build up the nervous and muscular system and so overcome disease.

Faster Time, 2-11.

No horse has ever made fast enough time but what it will be in the future is beyond question. Kendall's Spermia Cure is sure to liberate the joints and leave the horse as spry as a cat, and it has been used with such remarkable results for every kind of lameness or rheumatism on least or more, that every owner of a horse with any ailment or any lameness should use Kendall's Spermia Cure.

A Free Book of nearly 100 large octavo pages for the sick. Full of valuable notes, by Dr. E. B. Forrester. On Scrofula; Diseases of the Breathing Organs; Diseases of men; Diseases of women; Aches and Pains; Heart Trouble; and a great variety of Chronic Diseases, with evidence that in most cases these diseases are curable. Sent for a three cent stamp. Address: MURRAY HILL PUB. CO., No. 129 E. 28th Street, N. Y.

Two Years Ago

I was a sight to behold, and was unable to enjoy life at all. Now I am the picture of health and can eat anything. What cured me? Sulphur Bitters cured me of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, after suffering two years.—W. H. B., Manchester.

PLYMOUTH PARAGRAPHS.

The grass about the Normal School has been cut.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stone have returned to Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Lull have returned to Manchester.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Merrill have been visiting above here.

Isaiah Holden, of the Boston Journal, recently stopped here.

Fred George and Fred Hunkins camped at the Wells last week.

L. M. Howe has lately had the outside of his house and store painted.

Rev. E. R. Wilkins, of Laconia, will preach at the Methodist church to-morrow.

The railway station platform coverings have been painted brown on the outside.

Messrs. E. K. & F. C. Blodgett have lately had a new safe into their establishment.

Capt. Perkins, of the Manchester police, lately went through here bound for Jefferson.

Several locomotives for the Intercolonial railroad, Canada, have passed through here.

State Temperance Camp meeting at the Wells next week, and the Methodist week following.

Mrs. Esther Eastman, after visiting here for a time, has returned to her home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Republican Senatorial convention for the Plymouth district, meets at the Town Hall, Tuesday, Sept. 21.

Wallace Cox, of Holderness, lately had a slight attack of paralysis, but nothing serious is apprehended.

If you want nice, delicious soda water, call on the drug store, where obliging clerks will serve you.

Mr. H. C. Greene, of Philadelphia, has the thanks of the editor for numerous copies of Philadelphia papers.

The space around the Trinity churchyard fountain has been graded and staked off for future improvements.

Rev. Mr. Scott will hold a preaching service in the Red School house, West Plymouth to-morrow at four o'clock.

Henry W. Hazellton has been ill for a few days past, and Frank C. Lougee has sold tickets at the station for him.

A wooden railing has been put up along the eastern platform of the Penningwasset House to protect the garden below.

Any one having a second hand unabridged dictionary for sale, please address this office, stating price, kind and condition.

D. M. Connell, who has been ill for several days, went to Portsmouth this week where his brother James is in the jewelry business.

Any one wanting a permanent situation, or desiring to sell some wool next winter, would do well to read some of the new advertisement.

Dr. Marston, one of our most skillful practitioners, has lately made a small change in his advertisement in this paper.

Stephen Bove, a well-known Boston printer, formerly of this office, now farming in Bridgewater, was in town this week.

The depot platform has been protected against heavy teams by large square timbers being placed along their edges.

A young Frenchman working for Samuel Milligan chopping on Ward's hill, cut off several toes and a portion of his foot Tuesday.

Edward Lull, a popular young man of Manchester, has lately been stopping with his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Doe.

Numerous good sized hailstones fell in Monday evening's thunder shower; but comparatively little damage was done in this vicinity.

Jason Clark and John C. Mudgett are laying floorboards, etc., and Timothy Cheney is painting in the third story of Tupper block.

It is said that the street just south of Merrill street, extending up the hill, is to become a public highway and receive certain repairs that it much needs.

Several richly dressed, middle aged ladies amused themselves by blowing their horns while going north on the Profile House stage last Saturday morning.

One of the south windows of E. B. Hodge's picture store sustained some damage one night recently from some of those who were looting about there at the time.

There was a fine display of Northern lights Thursday night, the long lanes of pale green flames meeting overhead and extending around over four-fifths of the horizon.

The pleasure grounds opposite the Penningwasset House, made accessible by the new bridges, are quite enjoyable with their seats, swings, etc., and many take advantage of them.

Mr. Van N. Bass assures us that the statement made concerning him last week was entirely without foundation, although it was published upon apparently good authority and in good faith.

The late Hon. John E. Lyon's heirs, mostly cousins, numbering about 30, quite widely scattered, are to receive about \$15,000 each, with the prospect of several thousand dollars each additional in time.

A wagonette belong to a gentleman in Boston, containing about a dozen persons drawn by four horses, passed through here recently on a mountain trip. The team made an extensive European tour last season.

A Gospel Temperance meeting will be held at Alton Bay, Aug. 17, 18 and 19. Reduced fares and rates for those attending. Prominent speakers will be present. The annual camp meeting occurs immediately after.

The extra train to the Unitarian Grove Meeting at Wells, from here last Sunday, was well patronized as were those from Manchester and other places. Various able speakers were heard with satisfaction by many.

Mr. Leonard Colburn has brought into the office a fine stall 12 feet high, raised on W. G. Hull's land, near Rose Lawn, of which he is the efficient gardener. It is now hung out at the back door of the office for a curiosity.

Mr. O. N. Flanders, of Manchester, formerly one of the proprietors of this paper, accompanied by his wife, who was also one connected with it, passed through on Tuesday, bound for Lake Umbagog and other points of interest.

Capt. Boyton, the rubber suit fencer, who went down the Merrimack last fall, starting from here, gave fine exhibitions at Lake Massabie, the summer resort of Manchester, on Saturday and Sunday. There was a large crowd and he did much better than here, for he only gave what he was obliged to do when going down the river.

We understand that Mr. L. Colburn of this town gave an exhibition of his skill in billiards, and eight of his hand at Rose Lawn, on Tuesday evening, to the great entertainment of the boarders. Besides the usual tricks with balls, eggs, hats, etc., he gave excellent exhibitions of various stunts, closing with an amusing conversation with an imaginary companion sitting up in a box.

Chief Justice Waite, of the U. S. Supreme Court, Ex-Gov. Smyth, of Manchester, and others passed north last Saturday. The day previous there was a grand banquet from 6 to 9:30 p. m., at the Hotel, the Mayor's residence overlooking Amoskeag falls, at which, among other prominent guests, was the genial and obliging president, Vose, of the Concord, and Boston, Concord & Montreal railroads.

Gov. Head of this state with his staff, council and fish commissioners, as well as many prominent citizens from Concord, Manchester and other places, accompanied by Gov. Long of Massachusetts, his staff, council and fish commissioners, with numerous other notables, arrived here Thursday noon. They were received by President Vose and General Manager Dodge of the B. C. & M. railroad, Manager Morse of the Penningwasset House, Commissioner Powers, E. D. Hodge and others. After dinner about half a dozen teams covered the party, numbering about 75, to the State Hatchery, Hopedale at Livermore Falls. After inspecting the attractions there with great satisfaction and pleasure, all returned on the Montreal express at 5:30, some stopping over at Wells during the night and doing a little fishing. The advent of so many distinguished persons, a number of whom were in uniform, was quite an event for this vicinity and attracted considerable attention.

Wednesday evening about 8:30 o'clock, J. A. Hunkins' team came in collision with that of H. S. Wells, of the Lower Intervall, opposite Rogers & Co's store. The former's horse described a half circle immediately after, throwing out Mr. H. and Miss Belle King, of St. Johnsbury, his sister-in-law, and several other persons, and considerably injured. The animal ran against a wooden post in front of the store, which broke his neck and it died immediately, throwing the handsome buggy bottom up, damaging the harness and somewhat. A large crowd collected, the injured were assisted, the horse unharnessed and the wreck removed. The other team which contained Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Wells sustained no injury. Mr. Wells was at first, as acknowledged, for he was driving too fast and was too far out on the wrong side of the street, which gave no opportunity for Mr. H. to pass him, although he tried to do so. Mr. W. claims that his young horse became frightened near the post office, and he was unable to hold the animal. The dead horse, which was about ten years old and worth about \$150, was buried soon after by S. H. Palmer in the sand on the opposite side of the river. Mr. W. has since paid Mr. H. \$175 as damages.

Have Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry always at hand. It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Indigestion, Consumption, and all Throat and Lung Complaints. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle.

The medicines of Dr. James D. & Co. are unequalled for elegance, purity, and reliability. Their Sedition Pills, Powders, are as pleasant as Lemonade. Their Soft Capsules are world famous. See Advt. For sale by G. S. Bartlett, Plymouth.

SULPHUR BITTERS.

THE GREAT German Remedy.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

For those deathly Bilious spells, health, who are all kind on suffering from this disease, it will cure you.

The Giant Dyspepsia for cases where the stomach is weak, it will cure you. It will cure you.

Operatives who are weak, it will cure you. It will cure you.

General Debility, it will cure you. It will cure you.

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Rupture

DR. J. A. SHERMAN—AND THE ONLY DR. SHERMAN known to the public for the past 25 years or more for his successful method of treating Rupture without the knife and injury to the system, may now be consulted weekly at his New York and Boston offices. Dr. Sherman is the discoverer of the only known cure for Rupture by local external treatment.

No man is safe who has a Rupture, no matter how insignificant he may consider it, for every man who has died from it once has suffered himself that it was a trifling ailment; and every man who now suffers from it and the injury of dyspepsia, to such an extent that he has no enjoyment, once repaired it to its healthy condition. It is not a standstill ailment; it is steadily progressive, even unto death, and he who takes the necessary steps to be of it, is relieved of it before the day of suffering and gloom comes upon him. During treatment any kind of active exercise or labor can be performed without interfering with the treatment, and with a few from the dangers of strangulated Rupture. His book on Rupture gives the most reliable proofs from distinguished professional gentlemen, clergymen, and the claims of his successful practice and popularity throughout this country and the West Indies. The afflicted should read it and learn themselves.

It is illustrated with photographs of extremely bad cases before and after cure, and mailed to those who send it gratis. In consequence of the great demand for Dr. Sherman's personal services, he will not further divide his time between his New York and Boston offices as follows: Saturday, Monday and Tuesday he may be consulted at his New York office, and Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, at his Boston office, each week. Remember, in writing or calling, the address is:

DR. J. A. SHERMAN
251 Broadway, Cor. Murray St., N. Y., and 43 Milk St., Boston.

Beware of certain confidence men and impostors who represent themselves as Dr. Sherman. 99-4.

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If you want a bar-

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Sold Cheap for Cash.

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In fact, all kinds of building stock necessary for the completion of the highest, as well as the cheapest cost buildings whether for residences, manufacturing or business purposes.

Also, Stocking Boards, Dry Tubes, Packing Boxes and other articles for manufacturers' use, beams, book covers, wardrobes, shelving, counters, signs, &c.

I have one of the best job shops in the county, a special machinery and water to run it, and can dispatch my work with the least possible delay. I guarantee good courteous treatment to all customers and by strict attention to business and square dealing hope to share largely in the patronage of the public.

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